

Woman's Main.

FRENCH FASHION LETTER.

Matinee Girl in Paris and the Charming Frocks She Wears.

PARIS, Feb. 20.—(Special.)—Black toilettes look very distinguished when well cut. Ravishing gowns are made of thin materials, silk crepon or net more delicate, weighted down with jet ornaments that fall from the belt upon the skirt and glitter among the folds of the blouse. In place of the jet richer effects are made with mock emeralds or garnets set in paterfamilias. Ordinarily the bodice is trimmed only upon the front and the sleeves and back remain plain.

The astonishing garment composed of a rosette under each ear that first burst upon a dumfounded public at the Concorde Hippique last year from being dropped as eccentric has taken an unexpected development, and the rosettes of last year are now mild. Almost anything enormous may be placed on each side the collar band, a bow of long loops that project back and front; a rosette with ends that fall over the bodice in front; a bunch of flowers nestled in a huge ruche, or a knot of white lace. But to tell all the truth these extravagant models are accepted only with modification by conservative women of taste.

Strictly speaking, Paris has no matinee girl, none after the American conception.

Last summer she obtained permission to study in the city's bacteriological laboratory the evil microbes that cause diphtheria. Her work was so thorough that she was asked to give her time to the city, containing her work and take a good place on the pay roll. She is a sweet-faced, serious-minded young woman, who is more at ease with microbes than with newspaper folk, and who seems to be wholly absorbed in her work. She combs her dark hair straight back, dresses simply, has large, intelligent gray eyes, and moves about with a quick, springy step that betokens enthusiasm.

Her surroundings are conducive to the scientific spirit. Microscopes of high power are ranged here and there. Test tubes containing mysterious looking liquids, their mouths closed with cotton batting, stand in racks on the desks; bottles range in rows on every shelf, and the air is filled with the odors of disinfectants, beakers, copper boilers are everywhere.

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Its materials are scarlet pique and scarlet and yellow madras.

The skirt, which is of the pique in a heavy grade, and the familiar ridged design, has a French circular front in one piece and a back of two gores, made to hang in four godet plaits with tapes.

These tapes are put on to the side and unite, and the belt is only sewed securely to the front and side portions of the skirt, the back laid in heavy pleats that are to be gathered, and the skirt is fastened to the waist by a metal belt of plain cast metal on the bias, that ties in a bow at the left over the tail of the body.

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The bodice, in broken plaids, is made of five madras handkerchiefs, an exquisite quality. The same sort might be found in New York after faithful search, but the handkerchiefs that realized this wonderful waist were of the kind that in Martineau and Santo Domingo are used by old negroes as turbans. The red tone of them is the vivid scarlet of loose August poppies, and the corn yellow that crosses is so pale as to be almost white. The red matches exactly that of the pique skirt, and the bay front and bias collar, which are sewed together and separate from the body, are of the same material.

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